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Governor Cox's Speech Accepting the Nomination.

Governor Cox, Democratic nominee for President, has put into his speech of acceptance some careful as well as extensive workmanship. We could wish it were more concise. The length of Senator Harding's acceptance was a disappointment to us because such important declarations by nominees for the great office of President of the United States ought to be read by all the American people. They do not read them when they are so very long. We are the more disappointed, then, at the length of Governor Cox's speech by as much as it roughly fills 50 per cent. more type than Senator Harding's filled.

It takes, for example, two and a half columns of newspaper space for Governor Cox to bring himself to the point where standing on the bank of the chill League of Nations swimming pool he will jump. But at least he does do it. He does sing out as at last he leaps:

"Senator Harding, as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, propose in plain words that we remain out of it. As the Democratic candidate I favor going in."

Furthermore, once gone overboard, Governor Cox strokes it right into midstream. He says:

"The first duty of the new Administration clearly will be the ratification of the treaty."

This is explicit and specific. It is commendable for its directness and candor. It is admirable for its unqualified commitment. He is for Mr. Wilson's treaty. Mr. Wilson's covenant will be his covenant, League and all. He will take no changes in the instrument itself. It must be simple pure as it came from the hands of its maker. Here is his word as to Mr. Wilson's League and his League, as he indorses his party's platform:

"We advocate immediate ratification of the treaty without reservations which would impair its essential integrity."

But surely Governor Cox's sense of humor was gone on a vacation when he affirmed for Mr. Wilson's League and his League the Democratic platform's remaining part of that clause: "But we do not oppose the acceptance of any reservations making clearer or more specific the obligations of the United States to the League associates."

And when he added his own version: "Its meaning, in brief, is that we shall state our interpretation of the covenant as a matter of good faith to our associates and as a precaution against any misunderstanding in the future."

We submit and we register here our conviction that it will be the overwhelming verdict of the American people that it is an axiom of statesmanship and of common sense that any public document, any law, any contract, any treaty of any grave and vast importance as this one seeking to merge the sovereignty of the United States into the Governments of the Old World must say just what it means. It must say it so directly, so clearly, so precisely, so finally as to make the dumbest eyes and the thickest head know all that it means and can mean. If it does not do exactly this thing the balanced American brain and the sharpened American conscience must decide that what Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Cox's treaty needs is not to be frescoed, decorated and loaded up with margin notes of explanation, footnotes of elucidation and appendix notes of further reference, but to be rewritten from start to finish and by new hands!

Governor Cox's League declaration, nevertheless, plants him four square on this crucial national issue. He sends his challenge to the nation that he wants it just as Mr. Wilson wants and decrees it. He wants to go to the ballot box with it. He wants to stand or fall on it. So, we believe, do the American people want that challenge from Mr. Wilson, Mr. Cox and their internationalizing party. We think they want to meet it at close quarters. They want to get at Mr. Wilson's issue and Mr. Cox's issue in the simple, homely American fashion of bare knuckling. They want to pull

verize it. And so, we think, the American people will.

II.

So completely and withal so fairly and squarely does Governor Cox state his everything on Mr. Wilson's treaty and League of Nations covenant that he may be pardoned for doing little else in his acceptance but trail Senator Harding on other questions and problems which are purely domestic. Take it all in all, those who think as he thinks and want to go the way he goes have the right to feel satisfied with his speech.

He deserves full commendation for his flat repudiation of the vicious excess profits and other ungodly war taxes. He is not entirely clear in his differentiation between a "consumption tax," which he rejects, and a "small tax on the total business of every going concern," which he suggests; for of course this latter tax would be, in effect and in fact, nothing less than a consumption tax. He does not seem to have reflected that out of our population of nearly 110,000,000 only about 2,000,000 now pay the income tax, and the great majority of these a very trifling sum. The thing to do with those income taxes is not to abolish them but to readjust them. Nevertheless, he is genuinely sought on his tax proposals and suggestions, and he is courageous for he unconsciously bears the tax authority of the high priests of his own party.

Governor Cox talks some pretty feathery flaxian about financial greed getting hold of the Government to fatten on it or somehow to fatten thereby. But, following Senator Harding, he talks common sense about the American duty to enforce the law and the need of acquainting our conglomerate population with American purposes and institutions.

Again, agreeing with Senator Harding, he takes his stand both for the natural right of collective bargaining and for the right of man to labor, which, in plain English, means his right to hold a job without wearing a union button.

Similarly he wants something worth while done for the industry of farming, particularly in Senator Harding's way of legalizing cooperative distribution, selling and buying by the agricultural associations. He is with Senator Harding on the railroad problem, and, still again, like his opposing candidate, wants to chop out from the Government's payrolls not less than millions of dollars put there by his own party in the eight years of Mr. Wilson's economical and idealistic administration.

Governor Cox's main declarations, after his prolonged treatment of the League of Nations and his candid acceptance of Mr. Wilson's covenant with everything the President has so stubbornly and passionately demanded for it—Governor Cox's general policies, in truth, are as a rule straight enough doctrine and sound enough principles to seem like leaves taken from the Chicago convention platform and the speech of acceptance of WARREN G. HARDING.

Duty of Sportsmen in Conserving Wild Life.

DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, campaigning trustee of the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund, has written a pamphlet addressed to the sportsmen of America entitled "The End of Game and Sport in America? Will American Sportsmen See Their Sport Extinct?" the question marks indicating that the future of sport with wild life lies in the hands of those who love the outdoors.

Dr. Hornaday, who has hunted bison on the plains and followed big game through the wilderness and to the mountain tops, knows conditions from Alaska to Lower California and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. His proposal to sportsmen is that all bag limits and open seasons be reduced by 50 per cent.; that hunting be permitted to an individual only one year out of every two and that the resident hunting license fee be raised 200 per cent.

The practical way to save wild life is to ask the Secretary of Agriculture to reduce the Federal bag limits and cut the open seasons on migratory birds; ask State Legislatures to do likewise; apportion 10 per cent. of the receipts for licenses to the Federal Government for Federal enforcement while supporting the State game commissions and wardens more liberally and to feed and shelter wild life and destroy vermin.

Independently of Dr. Hornaday another sportsman, EMERSON HOUGH, has come to the conclusion that "the only possible way we can retain what game we have is to limit our greed and our speed in killing it. There is no short cut, no royal road, no panacea, no cure-all, no open sesame about it. Shorter open seasons, more closed seasons, a strictly limited day's bag, governed by laws actually enforced, actually understood, actually respected—this is the only course which can possibly keep for us any open sport worth the name." Mr. Hough says he may be wrong, but he does not think "we shall have much sport left twenty years from now."

Dr. Hornaday has shown that in New York a sportsman, if he should take the limit daily during the open season, could legally kill in a year deer, hares or rabbits and squirrels to the number of over 800, and over 9,000 birds, including woodcock, ruffed grouse, pheasants, golden plover, yellow legs, black bellied plover, duck, geese, snipe, brant, rails, coots, mudhens and gallinules. In Alaska the limits permit the taking by the resident of two moose, three caribou,

three mountain sheep, four deer and unlimited goats, representing 3,850 pounds of dressed meat, in addition to three brown bears and an unlimited number of black bears.

For the United States, to prove his contention, Dr. Hornaday has taken the bag limits and open seasons on migratory birds, which cover all States. Three and a half months are allowed for the shooting of doves, black bellied and golden plover and yellow legs; and all water fowl—except wood duck, elder duck and swan-coots, gallinules, Wilson snipe and jackalope; three months for rails and two months for woodcock. The sum of the daily limit for the season is twenty-five ducks in the aggregate, eight geese, eight brant, twenty-five rails, coots and gallinules in the aggregate; fifty snipe, fifteen black bellied and golden plover and greater and lesser yellow legs; twenty-five Wilson snipe or jackalope, six woodcock and twenty-five mourning doves.

The great increase in the number of sportsmen in America, the total being upward of 5,000,000, the cheap motor car and the cheap shotgun, the reduction of natural cover because of drainage, cultivation, timber cutting and fires are factors which have and have been destructive of wild life. With big game shooting now confined to a few States, and game bird shooting restricted to pursuit of ducks and geese, six varieties of shore birds, quail and grouse, the sportsmen of America, well organized as they are, should look the facts in the face, so that certain species of wild life may not start down the toboggan slide at whose end is oblivion.

Tremendous Growth in American Life Insurance.

Reports made to the Insurance Press from sixty-seven American life insurance companies show that these associations wrote \$2,826,492,333 of new business in the first six months of this year, against \$2,061,530,910 in the corresponding months of 1919. The net gain of the sixty-seven companies in this period of 1920, as compared with the corresponding period of 1919, was 37.1 per cent., or \$764,961,423.

Fifty companies reporting on the new business done in June on the paid for basis show aggregate writings for June, 1920, of \$240,444,360, against \$194,588,832 written by them in June, 1919. The June, 1920, increase over the figure for June, 1919, was \$55,855,528, or 30.2 per cent.

The statistical records of the Insurance Press show the following figures for companies reporting over a period of five years:

Year.	Companies.	New business.
1916	53	\$140,171,918
1917	53	148,796,745
1918	54	165,854,808
1919	54	303,678,831
1920	50	240,444,360

Year.	Companies.	New business.
1916	53	\$761,090,910
1917	53	965,336,171
1918	54	949,570,514
1919	54	1,794,404,173
1920	67	2,826,492,333

In Canada the insurance business has grown in about the same proportion it has here. Ten of the largest life insurance corporations licensed in the Dominion, doing 75 per cent. of the business in Canada, according to the *Monetary Times*, put \$188,206,940 of new business on their books from January 1 to June 1, 1920, as compared with \$145,629,167 during the corresponding months of 1919. This is an increase of about 30 per cent. Seven of the ten companies are Canadian; these wrote \$121,011,733, as compared with \$90,372,659 in the corresponding period of 1919.

The Egret Plumes of Venezuela.

The world of fashion in London is again agitated by a revival of the controversy concerning the wearing of the plumes of the egret in women's hats. The discussion of this subject has long been characterized by considerable warmth, sometimes approaching violence. The bird lovers and the milliners rarely agree upon the facts; and where emotion colors the facts on one side and business interest on the other the disputants frequently come to regard each other as falsifiers.

The present renewal of the dispute in England is of more than ordinary interest because the Venezuelan Minister to Great Britain is a participant in the controversy. He has even gone so far as to address a letter to the *London Times* on the subject. It is conceded that a large proportion of the egret plumes sold in London come from his country; and he is anxious to correct the misapprehension that these plumes are only obtainable by the slaughter of the birds.

The laws of Venezuela prohibit the shooting of egrets. The heronries, known as garceros, where the birds build their nests and rear their young, are specially classified for taxation and the private owners receive Government protection against the incursions of poachers. Here the egrets are regarded as domesticated birds. According to the Venezuelan Minister they shed their plumage annually, so that the owner of a heronry naturally desires that the birds shall be preserved to yield him yearly tribute instead of being shot for the sake of one coat of feathers. He concludes his letter thus:

"I cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that it is not necessary, nor is it the custom in Venezuela, to shoot the birds in order to get their feathers. Practically the whole of the Venezuelan plumage trade con-

sists in the gathering of the feathers which are shed naturally by the birds every year. So far from being in any danger of extermination, they are rapidly multiplying, and no English lady who wears an egret plume in her hat need fear that she is thereby countenancing cruelty or helping in the destruction of a vanishing form of bird life."

Now these statements are difficult to reconcile with the assertions concerning the plumage industry of Venezuela made by Dr. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, Director of the New York Zoological Park, in his book on "Our Vanishing Wild Life," published in 1913. He refers to the story of the garceros or egret farms, "where the birds breed and moult under strict supervision and kindly drop their feathers in such places that it is possible to find them and to pick them up in a high state of preservation." He says the Museum of Natural History in Paris could not identify the M. LEON LAGLAIZE, who then asserted the existence of these egret preserves in Venezuela, though he concedes that it is possible that enough shed feathers have been picked up in the reeking swamps of the Orinoco to afford an excuse for his beautiful story. "Any shrewd individual," says Dr. HORNADAY, "with money and the influence that money secures could put up just such a 'plant' as I firmly believe has been put up by some one in Venezuela. I will guarantee that I could accomplish such a job in Venezuela or Brazil in four months time at an expense not exceeding \$1,000."

This is not very complimentary to the people or Governments of Venezuela and Brazil; but Dr. HORNADAY has travelled much and must speak thus with a sense of responsibility for what he says. The case assumes a different aspect, however, in view of the recent letter of the Venezuelan Minister to the *London Times*. Here the diplomatic representative of his country accredited to the Government of the British Empire vouches for the story which Dr. HORNADAY discredits and ridicules. Such an official can hardly be deceived by the "plant" suggested by Dr. HORNADAY.

American Art in Venice.

If it is true that international peace depends upon international understanding the American art exhibition in Venice is accomplishing a very valuable work. At the invitation of the directors of the Venice International Exhibition of Art Mrs. H. P. WHITNEY has sent over a collection of some fifty American paintings, which at present are shown in a pavilion devoted to them exclusively. The collection includes specimens of the work of WILLIAM GLACKENS, CHILDE HASSAM, RYDER, EAKINS and a number of other contemporary artists.

The value of this American exhibition, apart from its intrinsic excellence, lies in the fact that it will give the average European a truer conception of America than he now possesses. The movies have made out America as a land of spectacular cowboys and treacherous halfbreeds. The European thinks of the United States as the home of cocktails, prohibition and synecopated music. If American art is mentioned he will perhaps recall the names of WHISTLER and MARY CASSATT and a few other expatriates. It will hardly ever occur to him, however, that in this day and generation there are any number of American artists who are painting not in Paris but in America.

Nor is this entirely the fault of the European. Thirty or forty years ago American art was in its swaddling clothes. It had to be nursed in France. Now that it has come of age it is living its own life in America without giving Europe the opportunity to know what it is trying to do. Possibly it is of no great consequence to our artists whether their work is known abroad, but to the rest of America it is of the very greatest importance, since nothing brings countries into more sympathetic and intelligent relationship than a mutual understanding of one another's art. For this reason America owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs. WHITNEY. After making her own reputation as a sculptress she has gone one step further. She has assured the recognition of American art in Europe.

The Brooklyn street cleaners who refused to go to work until their overdue pay was forthcoming may technically have gone on strike, but most persons will consider their conduct natural and justified. There is no reason why the city should not pay off promptly, just as private employers do.

Will somebody suggest a plural pronoun of the second person which cannot be properly used in the singular and which will have the qualities to insure its full adoption in our language? No? Then the fun makers should stop trying to draw a laugh from wheezes manufactured out of useful "You-alls" and "You-uns." Without purpose to foreclose on any suggestions which may be offered, we venture to inquire what objection there is to the familiar offerings of the South and West. They have pleasant sounds; they clearly convey an intended meaning which no accepted pronoun does, and were one of them selected for trial its running start would give it a great advantage over any unfamiliar competitor.

The Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations is now in session, probably discussing its future relations with the general army and navy staff the League is to set up.

BOOTLEGGERS.

It is Denied That Prohibition Should Be Blamed for Their Activity.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: Even those who would like to have their favorite "weakness" on their own tables have to groan in spirit when they read E. H. Pondleton's letter on the effect of prohibition.

It is not fair now to straight thinking to charge the prohibition law with bootlegging. Each violation of the prohibition law creates a spot where the law does not operate. Crime committed in that spot is an argument for the rigid enforcement of the law in order to eliminate the crime existing there because the prohibition law is not enforced. How can a town be called dry and in the same breath proved wet by a special court for bootleggers? It looks like an alibi for the place, which has not yet reached the place. LEON WOOD.

COST SHEET OF POTATOES.

Market Prices Not Encouraging to One New Jersey Farmer.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: I have just read with great satisfaction about the strike of the Long Island farmers.

I am a farmer in Monmouth county, New Jersey, and the best price which I could get this week was \$4 for a 165 pound barrel of cobbler potatoes. Compare this with fertilizer at \$50 a ton, seed potatoes at \$12 a barrel, labor at \$6 a month and board, land at \$300 an acre, or, if rented, at from \$15 to \$20 an acre.

The cost of growing an acre of potatoes this year was \$40 for fertilizer—about 3,500 pounds to the acre—\$50 for seed, \$10 for paris green. Ploughing, planting, cultivating and harvesting labor will cost about \$50; interest and depreciation of machinery will cost about \$30; rent of ground about \$20. Thus there is a total of about \$200 before any crop is sold.

The average yield for cobbler is about fifty barrels of firsts and ten barrels of seconds to the acre.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Quarry in August.

"Out of the wet block of the earth, the mud-endors to carve their loveliness, nobility and grandeur."—Richard Jefferies, "Nature Thoughts."

The quarry is a huge amphitheatre of iron stained granite. With a group of workmen for actors. Almost lost in the spaces of the rough coliseum. Rendering an avul chorus. With far clinking hammers and chisels. In a rockbound pool nearer at hand Boys are swimming: And as one comes to the surface from a dive The sun falls on his hair, closely plastered with the wet. A man thick and glossy hemp. And glimmers brightly as a high light in one of Sorolla's paintings. On the slender arm and shoulder in his overhauled strokes. On the back other lads are sunning themselves. Where the delicate laurel pink of their bodies is set tenderly Against the stern fold of the sharp angled, rust red ledges. The scant verdure in the rocky clefts above the water. Is already brightened with goldenrod. And here a wayward vine branch kindles a flame Of flaring, premature autumn scarlet. ELIOT WHITTE.

TO TWILIGHT.

Upon three things A man shall look and show greatness: In a child's eyes Deep filled with forgotten wisdom. On a night sky Down thick with majestic planets. On a high trust The gift of a mighty people. Upon these things A great man looks and is humbled. MELANIE WILSON.

TO THE PASSION WHICH IS ECSTASY.

The lyric power to sing of thee, Thy sheer excess of loveliness, The sense of thy tranquility! Though thou art lonely as a star That burns within the void afar, Yet would I rest upon thy breast, Forgetting all sad things that are! Clasp thy beauty like a bride, Would I drift down the slumber tide Forevermore to that fair shore Where only love and song abide! CLINTON SCOLLARD.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

A dusk enfolded in low tree Is very beautiful to me. Such wonders, likewise, known to men As stargazers in a mountain glen; The wind among the ferns at dawn That wakes the robins and is gone; The sun of summer on a lake When little ripples flash and break; The moon of winter on the low Undraining hills of moonless snow; And gardens at the fall of night; And fountains, sunny circles of white; The song of her whose holy breast Ere long shall rock a babe to rest; And birds and flowers and light of day, And dusks which moons can take away; The many things here left untold, Ah, butterflies and rainbow gold; Yet what are these to one girl's eyes When they grow deep with love's surprise? GUYARD LORRAINE BELL.

THE THREE LOVES.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. I am enamored of a new Livity—a glorious creature With matches beauty shining through Her every feature. The very thought of her can thrill An old love sits my wild regret—Lost, now, forever. As that sweet vision passed away And vainly longed for. And her name Is yesterday.

JOHN GELB'S BIRTHPLACE.

One of His Descendants Is Trying to Discover Staudenheim.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: About a year ago George Walker of Great Neck station wrote to you asking for the location of 55 Sugar Leaf street, where in 1813 one of his ancestors, John Gelb, was engaged in the business of organ building. Two of your readers promptly informed him that Sugar Leaf street had been merged into the present Franklin street.

John Gelb was born in 1744 and was buried in St. Paul's churchyard on November 1, 1813. The small tombstone is next to the wall on the northerly side of the church. The inscription states that he was "a native of Staudenheim, Germany, and for many years a respectable inhabitant of this city" (New York).

I share with George Walker and many others the honor of claiming John Gelb as an ancestor, and the other day I was moved to go to the map room of the Public Library and look up the birthplace of the ancient organ builder. Although the courteous attendants assisted me in a diligent search we could not locate a place called Staudenheim.

A GREAT MUSIC HALL.

Mr. Lewisohn's Idea of a Salubrious War Memorial in This City.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: In regard to the New York city war memorial, I believe that it would be best to have the matter postponed until next winter. When the time comes that a decision must be made I would make the following recommendations: That a suitable building be erected on property belonging to the city, in one of the parks or elsewhere, to give good music to the public, free of charge or at a very small cost. It should contain a first class musical hall, better than larger than Carnegie Hall, clean, bright and tasteful; it need not be luxurious, but with good acoustics.

There should also be one or two smaller halls for rehearsals and other purposes, arrangements for choral music on a large scale, and in addition rooms for dance music, and a corner of the building should be given over to their instruction and concerts in this building, which should also contain a complete musical library. Everything should be done to give the public a chance to hear the best music either free, or perhaps some days at a small entrance fee, as in the museums.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Knicker-Passenger cars are raised. Knicker-Fine! It will cost more for your relatives to visit you.

CROOKS KEPT OUT.

American Race Tracks Free From an Evil Common in England.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: The account of the trouble the English Jockey Club is having with crooks of all kinds is no surprise to Americans who have visited racing centers in Great Britain. The open manner in which pickpockets and other thieves piled their trade has been a shock to the people from this country, where race meetings are as orderly as political or sociological conventions.

It is related that on one occasion a young New Yorker was a visitor at Ascot, the meeting under royal patronage. He was accosted by a stranger, who asked if he didn't want to buy a peach. The New Yorker requested permission to inspect the trickster, whereupon the stranger led him to the front of the members' stand and remarked:

"There it is in the gentleman's scarf—last old cove in the front row—one with the topper on."

The news that the English turf authorities have determined to stamp out the evil through the formation of their own police system will be welcomed by visitors from all parts of the globe, for racing is the most popular of English outdoor sports and is conducted either on the flat or cross-country in every month of the year.

The policing of American race courses has been for more than forty years in the hands of the Pinkertons, Robert and William, sons of Allan Pinkerton, the famous secret service man and friend of Abraham Lincoln, who founded the system which in all that time has kept the American race tracks practically free from crooks of various types. Robert is dead, but his son Allan is the active head in the East, while William Pinkerton, spy as a man of 50 despite his 70 years, is at Saratoga, a picturesque figure, directing the operations of the force policing that course during the current meeting.

It was Robert Pinkerton who put into effect the plan now in operation. He enjoyed the confidence of the racing authorities to the fullest at all times, and a recommendation from him to the Jockey Club was invariably acted upon favorably. He and his lieutenants knew every crook in New York. Every day found them at the gates and undesirable were turned away forthwith.

A big man with the sloping shoulders indicative of strength, Robert Pinkerton was a terror to evildoers, though he was soft of speech and gentle of manner until roused. He was a friend to every man who had strayed from the path of honesty and clean living and wanted to reform, and when he died some years ago while on board ship en route for Europe to enjoy a well earned vacation, his wonderful physique yielding to the strain he put upon it, there were many who mourned him for the helping hand he had extended when the rest of the world was cold.

The system he inaugurated lives after him, and visitors to all metropolitan race courses will find printed daily on the programmes the following notice:

Make all complaints, apply for information, report articles lost or found to the race track police.

Scarcely a day passes that something of value is not placed in the hands of the authorities. Purse containing money and valuable papers, pins and other articles of jewelry, cigarette cases and gold spectacles, overcoats, furs and umbrellas are restored to their owners through this medium.

From the English Jockey Club will model its police system after that in vogue here the pleasure of day's racing in Great Britain will be greatly enhanced. RIVERSIDE, Conn., August 7. C. J. F.

THE TURTLE'S NEST.

Eggs Packed Away in Sand for Five Months Period of Incubation.

From the Youth's Companion. One day in early summer a lady living in western Maine noticed a turtle acting strangely in her garden. Going out to it she found it had laid a dozen or more eggs under a bit of bank and was covering them with sand. Though the sand about the eggs was packed hard the old turtle would work with its little nose with her claws; then with her hind feet she would push it carefully over the eggs. When they were completely covered she departed to a stream at the foot of the garden. She had chosen the spot well, for overhanging turf effectively protected the eggs from harm by weather or by the feet of passersby.

A guest, to whom the secret of the nest was revealed was much interested in it, and before leaving he executed a promise that he should be told when the eggs hatched. Meanwhile, he asked various people how long turtles' eggs usually incubated, but got no satisfactory answer.

On September 8, exactly three months after the turtle laid the eggs, the guest came again. Learning that the eggs had not hatched, he concluded they must have spoiled. Removing a portion of the earth from the nest, he broke open the eggs, which were about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, light colored and encased in a covering similar to that of a soft shelled hen's egg. He found a live turtle, but it was not fully developed and lived only a few days.

On November 12 the guest returned to his home, after an absence of a few days, and found a small package in his mail. It contained a tiny turtle with a shell about the size of a silver quarter. The little fellow had been in the package three days. The eggs, a note explained, had hatched at last, and the young turtles, except the one in the package, had made their way to the nearby brook as soon as they were safely out of the shell. The period of incubation was a little more than five months.

The lively little captive flourished in a vessel of water provided with a plentiful diet of rock and moss. It ate fish, either raw or cooked, and any sort of table scrap. But invariably it took the bits of food below the surface of the water before eating them.

Engaged.

Knicker-Congratulations! Can she cook? Knicker-No, neither has she a splendid recipe with a kick in it.

A Kansas Reporter on the Job.

Mayetta item in Holton Record. A strange lady visited our town one day last week. We did not learn her name nor did we learn where she came from, nor long she intended to stay. We are just waiting this to let you know Mayetta has a reporter who is on the job. This lady carried a blue black umbrella and wore a blue dress, black shoes, etc.